"Let some droppings fall on me"
Es Selamu Aleikum
Aleppo Temple
Ancient Arabic Order
Nobles of the Mystic Shrine,
OASIS OF
Boston, Mass.
PACKING CASE.
AM I a Wizard?

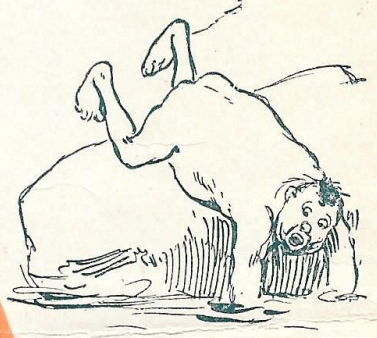
THRICE Illustrious Son of the Prophet, Awake! Unpin thy ear, scoop out the sand, and hearken to the clarion Voice of Duty!

Since last the Muezzin biffed his gong, and the Faithful bumped their foreheads in the Temple, a quarter of the year has passed! It seemeth but a handful of dates; yet here we are in the Twentieth Century, according to the Kalander of the Unregenerate.

The tribes of Aleppo will gather from hither and yon at

Mechanics Building,
Grand Hall,
Huntington Avenue,
SIX o'clock P.M.

Tuesday, May 14, 1901



"Es Selamu Aleikum"
"Aleikum Es Selamu"

ALEPPO TEMPLE

Ancient
Arabic Order
Nobles of the Mystic
Shrine.

Oasis of Boston
Desert of Mass., U.S.A.

Brother of the Camel, hump thyself! Cousin of the Sheik, stretch thy props! TEMPUS FUGIT—and what is a Century between friends! 'Tis but, as sings the Irish-Arabian poet-astronomer, O'Mara M'Cann—

'Tis but an hour, at most a one day's rest
In some hotel for traveler East or West.
The traveler pays his bill — the Chambermaid
Prepares the chamber for another guest.

Allah akbar! So Geht Es!

Important!

As this will be the only notice you will receive of this Session, don't forget the date, time and place.

Supplementary Notice.

A Supplementary Notice, upon which will be borne the names of all the aspirants, will be handed you by the Sentinel on the night of Session at the entrance.

Some New Rules for 1901

The By-Laws compelling every member to show his Annual Pass for 1901 at all ceremonial sessions will be strictly enforced. There will be no favorites. The new Pass is a light blue card and our Outer Guard is not color blind.

N.B — It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a candidate to enter the Temple without a certificate and a bunch of simoleons.—*Last words of* MOHAMMED.

(Copied.)

JUST ONE KID.

Words by A Moslem.
Tune—"Just One Girl." With apologies to M. Witmark & Sons. Dedicated to Ill. Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor.

I.

The Ramadan Feast has been broken;
Let us feast
In the East;
From the Woolly and Wild comes a token—
There is rest,
In the West.
'Twas left for our bold Potentate—
Lift the cup!
Whoop 'er up!
To prove that to work and to wait
"Wins-a" lad
Like his dad.

Just one Kid, only just one Kid,
After working and waiting for years—one Kid!
Yell! Bawl! Cry!
Wet or dry,
Lou'll be chesty for many moons with his just one Kid.

II.

The spider can easily spin, sir,
"Webb" of silk,
White as milk;
But finer's the Webb of Carl Winsor,
Little cuss!
Let him nuss!
The Bul-Bul may flute us a ditty,
Split his throat,
With a note
That will rattle the maids of Reed City,
For-the-Son
Of-a-Gun!

Just one Boy! Only just one Boy!
Old Mecca is red as a hot poppy bed!
Take de butt!
Whoop-her-up!
Lou'll be chesty for many moons with just one Boy.

III.

All hail to the daddy belated!
Fourteen years!
Bring the beers!
The Kid will be sure antedated
From Kalamazoo
To Honolulu!
The news of the boy will be slated,
Every day
On the way.
The flag of the Arabs shall fly,
Near the sky,
Way up high.

Just one Kid, only just one Kid,
After longing and waiting for years—one Kid.
Wet or dry,
Yell, Kid, cry;
Lou'll be chesty for many moons with just one Kid.

Listen to the lamentations of Noble James S. Blake, Illustrious Chief Rabban:

Allah is great, and the hearts of the true believers are strong.

A red-headed Feringhee who seeketh to be our Caliph desireth toapproach our Mosque. Let him enter, after he hath cast off his shoes and purified himself. Forty times shall he wash with kali and forty times with hazeez and forty times with eiyoob, making of the whole, one hundred and twenty times—thus shall he purify himself. Then shall the wondrous prayer carpet that Mustapha-Ed-Din brought hither from Damascus be unrolled to be his pathway. So shall he approach the Shrine, learn of our mysteries and become, verily, a Moslem and a true believer. Selah!

"BRACING" and "Exercising" will be carried on under West Point rules. (See the minutes of the inquiry into the death of the late Mr. Booz.)

Fill your mouth full of cotton when tempted to yell. This will enable you to preserve a seeming fortitude, and keep you from becoming hysterical.

If you don't like the tabasco sauce, spit it out.

Don't squirm when the hot grease drops on your feet. It's only a candle.

You'll be interested in the "Sammy Race." Two Novices will sit face to face blindfolded, with a bowl of horseradish between them, and will feed each other with long spoons. If you prefer tabasco you can have it by paying extra.

Keep your shirt on—as long as you can.

After the bracing and exercising, get a "First Aid to the Injured" pamphlet, and read the directions carefully.

Our lute-player, Noble Carter, will, on this occasion, perform that beautiful serenade which the Wezeer El-Fadl caused to be played for his sweetheart, the slender Bedawee, by the banks of the Tigris, and which hath been rescued from profane hands and transmitted to us by his Excellency Abdul Hamid, whom Heaven preserve and anoint continually forever. The candidates will not enjoy it, but it will be played just the same.

How to Get the Annual Pass for 1901

Pay your dues right away and be through with it. No other statement of dues owing is sent out during the year except on request.

Dues! Hearken to the inspired charge revealed by the Recorder. *Do you know your dues are due? Do you? Then do your do!* Oh, thou infidels who wait until the last hour of justice. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," but give me dues or give me death (which is the same as suspension for non-payment of dues). We need the money, indeed we do, and you need the passport, you bet you do.

Helpful Hints for Nervous Novices.

O Novice, in our hours of ease
— In Latin, *Dolce far niente* —
When we can do just as we please,
We love to soak you good and plenty.

Nothing affords us such delight
And livens so the hours humdrummy,
As — while somebody holds you tight —
To punch you in your little tummy.

But, Novice, you'll survive these things;
With all your faults we still do love you,
And though you'd look first-rate in wings
We won't quite make an angel of you.

Hearken, O illustrious nobles, to the voice of the thrice blessed Sheykh, 'Abd-Er-Welch Es-Blake Esh-Henry, and let your hearts be filled with reverence:

"From Bagdad came a youth, young and illustrious,
His face was round as a new moon and his eyes as bright as the star 'Ajeeb-Adhem:
His waist was encircled with a cincture of gold and precious stones and his teeth were blackened with henna
And his person exhaled a perfume as of the wondrous sweet winds of El-Khamal."

And again spake he, the illustrious Sheykh:

"So, on Yamal-ed-din in the month Ramadan shall every true son of the prophet
Lead forth his camel and journey afar to the Eastward,
Till the white walls of the sacred, the city eternal,
Mecca, the same where inured we the bones of Mahomet,
Rise to his vision, delighting, refreshing, entrancing."

Bring with you an appetite, for Noble Seiler hath determined to outdo himself in honor of this feast. He hath left the marshes of the Blue Hills desolate, and hath wrought death and destruction in the regions of the Charles. Be prepared to eat heartily of the zirbajeh, of ducks stuffed with pistachio nuts, of dizzan, of dinneeyeh, and to drink of the foamy water of Rozzi-El-Nekki. Thus shall ye be refreshed.

Nobles, wear your most gorgeous raiment,— offend not our sensitive feelings with pajamas. For the wind of the desert, even the Simoom, whistleth shrilly through pajamas.

But the candidates may wear what they will. If Noble Higgins is with us, they will not know the difference between pajamas and Irish potatoes in about fourteen minutes.

Listen to the exhortation of Noble Charles H. Porter, Illustrious Director.

Let the children of the desert fill their bottles with cool water from the River El-Mo'een, and their sacks with the round cakes of Ahran, and let the camels also be watered and fed, for a long journey lieth before us, and the sands are hot. Yea, they are exceeding hot — or else the 'Efreet Noor-Ed-Din shall be jobless hereafter!

Hold your noses, O unregenerate Feringhees, for the Simoom approacheth, and the nostrils of the unwary shall be filled with the fine dust of Sahara. Their bosoms shall be covered with the yellow spume of the desert ere they cross the sandy wastes and reach the Oasis of Boston, where the Divan is holden.

Send your dues to the Recorder by mail or call at his office, which is open every labor day in the year, and where someone will always exchange receipts, etc., for your dues.

CANDIDATES

will report at the West Newton Street Entrance at 6 o'clock p.m., sharp.

Courteously and fraternally,

W. M. Powell
Recorder.

Albion F. Welch
Potentate.

Address, Room 206, Masonic Temple, Boston.